TALMAGE'S SERMON

HELP FOR A DROWNING WORLD

Christ alone can Save Man From Sinking in the Sea of Sin,

TEXT: "He shait spread forth His hands in the midst of them, as he that swimmeth spreadeth forth his hands to swim."—Isaiah XXV., 11.

At this season of the year multitudes of people wade into the ponds and lakes and rivers and seas. At first putting out cautiously from the shore, but having learned the right stroke of arm and foot, they let the waters roll over them, and in wild glee cive or float or swim. So the text will be very suggestive: "He shall spread forth His hand in the midst of them, as he that swimmeth spreadeth forth his hands to swim."

The fisherman seeks out unfrequented nooks. You stand all day on the bank of a river in the broiling sun, and fling

nooks. You stand all day on the bank of a river in the broiling sun, and fling out your line, and catch nothing, while the expert angler breaks through the jungle and goes by the shadow of the solitary rock, and in a place where no fisherman has been for ten years, throws out his line and comes home at night, his face shining and his basket full. I do not know why we minister of the throws out his line and comes home at night, his face shining and his basket full. I do not know why we ministers of the Gospel need always be fishing in the same stream, and preaching from the same text that other people preach from. I cannot understand the policy of the minister who, in Blackfriars, London, Engiand, every week for thirty years preached from the Epistle to the Hebrews. It is an exhiliaration to me when I come across a theme which I feel no one else has treated, and my text is one of that kind. There are paths in God's Word that are well beaten by Christian feet. When men want to quote Scripture, they quote the old passages that every one has heard. When they want a chapter read, they read a chapter that all the other people have been reading, so that the church to-day is ignorant of three-fourths of the Bible, You go into the Louvre at Paris. You confine yourself to one corridor of that opulent gallery of paintings. As you come out your friend says to you: "Did you see that Renbrandt?" "No." "Did you see that Rubens?" "No." "Did you see that Rubens?" "No." "Did you see that Raphael?" "No." "Did you see that Raphael?" "No." "Did you see that Raphael?" "No." "Did you see that Robens?" "No." "Did you see that Raphael?" "No." "Did you see that Robens?" "No." "Did you see that Raphael?" "No." "Did much so that there is not one person out of a million who has ever noticed the all suggest-ive and powerful picture in the words of my

text.

This text represents God as a strong swim mer, striking out to push down iniquity and save the souls of men. "He shall spread forth His hand in the midst of them, as he save the souls of men. "He shall spread forth His hand in the midst of them, as he that swimmeth spreadeth forth his hands to swim." The figure is bold and many sided. Most of you know how to swim. Some of you learned it in the city school, where this art is taught; some of you in boyhood, in the river near your father's house; some of you since you came to manhood or wo-manhood, while summering on the beach of the sea. You step down in the wave, you throw your head back, you bring your elbows to the chest, you put the palms of your hands downward and the soles of your feet outward, and you push through the water as though you had been born aquatic. It is a grand thing to know how to swim, not only for yourself, but because you will after a while, porhaps have to help others. I do not know anything more stirring or sublime than to see some man like Norman McKenzie leaping from the ship Madras into the sea to save Charles Turner, who dropped from the royal yard while trying to loosen the sail, bringing him back to the deck amid the huzzas of the passengers and crew. If a man has not enthusiasm enough to cheer in such circumstances he deserves himself to drop into the sea and have no one to help him. The Royal Husasm enough to cheer in such circumstances he deserves himself to drop into the sea and have no one to help him. The Royal Humane Society of England was established in 1774, its object to applaud and reward those who should pluck up life from the deep. Any one who has performed such a deed of daring has all the particulars of that becarery recorded in a public of that bravery recorded in a public record, and on his breast a medal done in blue, and gold, and bronze; anchor, and monogram, and inscription, telling to future generations the bravery of the man or woman who saved some one from drowning. But, my friends, if it is such a worthy thing to save a body from the deep, I ask you if it i not a worther thing to save an immortal soul? And you shall see this hour the Son of God step forth for this achievement. "He

shall spread forth His hand in the midst of them, as he that swimmeth spreadeth forth his hands to swim."

In order to understand the full force of this figure, you need to realize, first of all that our race is in a sinking condition. You sometimes hear people talking of what they consider the most beautiful words in our lanconsider the most beautiful words in our inn-guage. One man says it is "home," another says it is the word "mother," another says it is the word "Jesus," but I will tell you the bitterest word in all our language, the word most angry and baleful, the word sat-urated with the most trouble, the word that accounts for all the loathsomeness, and the pang, and the outrage, and the harrowing and that word is "sin." You spell it with three letters, and yet those three letters to three letters, and yet those three letters describe the circumference and pierce the diameter of everything had in the universe. Sin! it is a sibilant word. You cannot pronounce it without giving the siss of the flame or the hiss of the serpent. Sin! And then if you add three letters to that word it describes every one of us by nature—sinner. We have outraged the law of God, not occasionally, or raged the law of God, not occasionally, or now and then, but perpetually. The Bibla declares it. Hark! It thunders two claps: "The heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked." "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." What the Bible says our own conscience affirms. After Judge Morgan had sentenced Lady Jane Gray to death his conscience troubled him so much for the deed that he became insane, and all through his insanity he kept saying: "Take her away from me! Lady Jane Grey." It was the voice of his conscience. And no man ever does anything wrong, however great or small, but anything wrong, however great or small, but his conscience brings that matter before him, and at every step of his misbehavior it savs: "Wrong, wrong." Sin is a leprosy, sin is a paralysis, sin is a consumption, sin is pollution, sin is death. Give it a fair chance and it will swamp you, body, mind and soul forever. In this world it only gives a faint intimation of its virulence. You see a patient in the first stages of typhoid fever. The cheek is somewhat flushed, the hands somewhat hot, preceded by a slight chill. "Why, you say, "typhoid fever does not seem to be much of a disease." But wait not seem to be much or a disease. But wait until the patient has been six weeks under it, and all his energies have been wrung out, and he is too weak to lift his little finger, he is too weak to lift his little finger, and his intellect is gone, then you see the full have of the disease. Now sin in this world is an ailment which is only in its very first stages; but let it got under full way and it is an all consuning typhoid. Oh, if we could see our unpardoned sins as God sees them our teeth would chatter, and our bases would be seen to would be the country of the could be seen to see the country of the could be seen to see the country of the could be seen to see the country of the could be seen to see the country of the countr chatter, and our knees would knock together and our respiration would be choked, and our heart would break. If your sins are unrorgiven, they are bearing down on you, and you are sinking—sinking away from happiness, sinking away from God, sinking away from everything that is good and blessed.

blessed.

Then what do we want? A swimmer! A strong swimmer! A swift swimmer! And, blessed be God, in my text we have him announced. "He shall spread forth His hands in the midst of them, as he that swimmeth spreadeth forth his hands to swim." You have noticed that when a swimmar goes out to rescue any one he puts off his heavy appar-el. He must not have any such impediment about him if he is going to do this great deed.

And when Christ stepped forth to save us
He shook off the sandals of heaven,
and His feet were free; and then He stepped
down into the wave of our transgressions.

and it came up over His wounded feet, and it came above the spear stab in His side—aye, it dashed to the lacerated temple, the high water mark of His anguish. Than, rising above the flood, "He stretched forth His hands in the midst of them, as he that swimmeth spreadeth forth his hands to swim."

in the midst of them, as he that swimmeth spreadeth forth his hands to swim."

If you have ever watched a swimmer, you notice that his whole body is brought into play. The arms are flexed, the hands drive the water back, the knees are active, the head is thrown back to escape strangulation, the whole body is in propulsion. And when Christ sprang into the deep to save us, He throw His entire nature into it—all His Godhead, His omniscience. His goodness, His love, his omnipotence—head, heart, eyes, hands, feet. We were far out on the sea and so deep down in the waves and so far out from the shore that nothing short of an entire God above that nothing short of an entire God could save us. Christ leaped out for our rescue, saying: "Lo! I come to do thy will," and all the surges of human and satanic hate boat against Him, and those who watched Him from the gates of heaven feared He would go down under the wave, and instead of saving others would Himself perish; but putting His breast to the foam, and shaking the surf from His locks, He came on and on until He is now within the reach of every one here. is now within the reach of every one here. Eye omniscient, heart infinite, arm omnipotent. Mighty to save, even unto the uttermost. Oh, it was not half a God that trampled down bellowing Gennesaret. It was not a quarter of a God that mastered the demons of Gadara. It was not two-thirds of a God that lifted up Lazrus into the arms of his overjoyed sisters. It was not a fragment of a God who offered pardon and peace to all the race. No. This mighty swimmer threw His grandeur, His glory, His might, His wisdom, His omnipotence and His eternity into this one act. It took both hands of God to save us—both feet. How do I prove it? On the cross, were not both feet nailed? His entire nature involved in our redemption!

If you have lived much by the water, you notice also that if any one is going out to the rescue of the crowning he must be independent, self reliant, able to go alone. There may be a time when we must spring out to save one and he cannot get a lifeboat, and he goes out and has not strength enough to bear himself up and hear another on he will senting the partition. Eve omniscient, heart infinite arm

one and he cannot get a lifeboat, and he goes out and has not strength enough to bear himself up, and bear another up, he will sink, and instead of dragging one corpse out of the torrent you will have two to drag out. When Christ sprang out into the sea to deliver us He had no life buoy. His father did not help Him, Alone in the wine press. Alone in the pang. Alone in the wine press. Alone in the pang. Alone in the darkness. Alone in the mountain. Alone in the sea. O, if He saves us He shall have all the credit, for "there was none to help." No oar. No wing. No ladder, When Nathaniel Lyon fell in the battle charge in front of his troops, he had a whole army to cheer him. When Marshal Ney sprang into the contest and plunged in the spurs till the horse's flanks sourted blood. the spurs till the horse's flanks spurted blood, all France applauded him. But Jesus alone! "Of the people there was none to help." "All forsook him and fled." O, it was not a "All forsook him and flod." O, it was not a flotilla that sailed down and saved us. It was not a cluster of gondolas that came over the wave. It was one person, independent and alone, "spreading out His hands among us as a swimmer spreadeth forth his hands to swim."

Behold then, to-day, the spectacle of a drowning soul and Christ, the swimmer. I believe it was in 1848, when there were six English soldiers of the Fifth Fusiliers, who were hanging to the bottom of a capsized

were hanging to the bottom of a capsized boat—a boat that had been upset by a squall

boat—a boat that had been upset by a squall three miles from shore. It was in the night, but one man swam mightily for the beach, guided by the dark mountains that lifted their top through the night. He came to the beach. He found a shore man that consented to go with him and save the other men, and they put out. It was some time before they could find the place where the men were, but after awhile they heard their cry: "Help! Help!" and they bore down to them, and they saved them, and brought them to shore. Oh, that this moment our cry might be lifted long, loud and shrill, till Christ the swimmer shall come and take us lest we drop a thousand come and take us lest we drop a thousand fathoms down. athoms down.

If you have been much by water, you

If you have been much by water, you know very well that when one is in peril help must come very quickly, or it will be of no use. One minute may decide everything. Immediate help the man wants or no help at all. Now, that is just the kind of a relief we want. The case is urgent, imminent, instantaneous. See that soul sinking. Son of God, lay hold of him. Be quick! be quick! Oh, I wish you all understood how urgent this Gospel is. There was a man in the navy at sea who had been severely whipped for bad behavior, and he was maddened bad behavior, and he was maddened by it, and he leaped into the sea, and no sooner had he leaped into the sea than, quick as lightning, an albatross swooped upon him. The drowning man, brought to his senses, seized hold of the albatross and held on. The fluttering of the bird kept him on the wave until relief could come. Would now the dove of God's convicting, converting and saving spirit might flash from the throne upon your

spirit might hash from the throne upon your soul, and that you, taking held of its potent wing, might live and live forever. I want to persuade you to lay held of this strong swimmer. "No," you say, "it is al-ways disastrous for a drowning man to lay hold of a swimmer." There is not a river or lake but has a calamity resultant from the fact that whom a troop wimmer. lake but has a calamity resultant from the fact that when a strong swimmer went out to save a sinking man, the drowning man clutched him, threw his arms around him, pinioned his arms, and they both went down together. When you are saving a man in the water you do not want to come up by his face; you want to come up by his face; you want to come up by his back. You do not want him to take hold of you while you take hold of you want while you take hold of you. while you take hold of him. But, blessed be God, Jesus Christis so strong a swimmer, He comes not to our back, but to our face, and Heasks us to throw around Him the arms of our love, and then promises to take us to the beach, and He will do it. Do not trust that blank of greed works. Do not trust that our love, and then promises to take us to the beach, and He will do it. Do not trust that shivered spar of your own righteousness. Christ only can give you transportation. Turn your face upon Him as the dying martyr did in olden days when he cried out: "None but Christ!" Jesus has taken millions to the land, and He is willing to take you thera. Oh, what hardness to shove Him back when He has been swimming all the way from the throne of God to where you are now, and is ready to swim all the way back again, taking your redeemed spirit. I have sometimes thought what a spectacle the ocean bed will present when in the last day the water is all drawn off. It will be a line of wrecks from beach to beach. There is where the harpoons went down. There is where the merchantmen went down. There is where the steamers went down, a long line of wrecks from beach to beach. What a spectacle in the beach to beach. What a spectacle in the last day when the water is drawn off! But oh, how much more solemn if we had an eye to see the spiritual wrecks and the places where they foundered. You would find where they foundered. You would find thousands along our roads and streets. Christ came down in their awful catastrophe, putting out for their souls, "spreading forth His hands as a swimmer spreadeth forth his hands to swim;" but they thrust Him in the sore heart, and they smote His fair cheek, and the storm and darkness swallowed them up. I ask you to lay hold of this Christ and lay hold of Him now. You will sink without Him. From horizon to horizon not one sail in sight. Only one strong swimmer. Him. From horizon to horizon not one sail in sight. Only one strong swimmer, with head flung back and arms outspread. I hear a great many in the audience saying: "Well. I would like to be a Christian. I am going to work to become a Christian." My brother, you begin wrong. When a man is drowning, and a strong swimmer comes out. drowning, and a strong swimmer comes out to help him, he says to him: "Now be quiet, to help him, he says to him: "Now be quiet, Put your arm on my arm or on my shoulder, but don't struggle, don't try to help your-self, and I'll take you ashore. The more you struggle and the more you try to help your-self, the more you imped me. Now be quiet and I'll take you ashore." When Christ, the strong swimmer, comes out to save a soul, the sinner says: "That's right. I am glad to see Christ, and I am going to help Him in the work of my rodemption. I am going to pray more and that will help Him; and I am going to weep extravagantly over my sins and that will help Him." No.

my brother, it will not. Stop your doing. Carist will do all or none. You cannot left an ounce, you cannot move an inch, in this matter of your redemption.

This is the difficulty which keeps thousands of souls out of the kingdom of heaven. It is because they cannot consent to let Jesus Christ begin and complete the work of their redemption. "Why," you say, "then is there nothing for me to do?" Only one thing have you to do, and that is to lay hold of Christ and let Him achieve your salvation and achieve it all. I do not know whether I make the matter plain or not. I simply want to show you that a man cannot save himself, but that the Almighty Son of God can do it, and will do it, if you ask Him. O, fling your two arms, the arms of your trust and love, around this compotent swimmer of the cross.

That is a thrilling time when some one swamped in the surf is brought ashore and being resuscitated. How the people watch for the moment when he begins to breathe again, and when at last he takes one full inhalation, and opens his eyes upon the bystanders, a shout of joy rings up and down the beach. There is joy bocause a me nas been saved. O, we who have been swamped.

standers, a shout of joy rings up and down the beach. There is joy because a life has been saved. O, ye who have been swamped in the seas of trouble and sin! we gather around you. Would that this might be the hour when you begin to live. The Lord Jesus Christ steps down, He gets on His knees, He puts His lip to your lip, and would breathe pardon and life and heaven into your immortal soul. God grant that this hour there may be thousands of souls resuscitated. I stand on the deck of the old Gospel ship amid a crowd of passengers, all of them ship amid a crowd of passengers, all of th ship and a crowd of passagers, at of their hoping that the last man overboard may be saved. May the living Christ this hour put out for your safety, "spreading forth His hands in the midst of you, as a swimmer spreadeth forth his hands to swim."

UNSELPISH SERVICE.

One of the most striking scenes in modera fiction is that in Charles Kingsley's "Mypatia," where the zealous young monk, who has become almost a convert to the fascinating Neoplatonism of the brilliant Hypatia, is suddenly brought to a realization of its strike independent to human needs when the ing Neoplatonism of the brilliant Hypatia, is suddenly brought to a realization of its entire inadequacy to human needs when the beautiful teacher declares that she has done nothing and can do nothing for his wayward sister. A philosophy which can do nothing for a human life, whatever its conditions, was a philosophy that could not be true; and this incident suggests the test of, not only all philosophy and religion, but all the id-als and purposes of every human life. No philosophy can be true which does not in some way c ntribute to the strength and purity of every human soul who studies it; no religion can claim divine authority which has not the right word for every human need; no human life is wisely and rightly ordered which does not in its own working out inspire, direct, and aid other lives. To make life richer, strugs and purer for men and to help men to take to themselves this richer, purer and stronger life, is the end of every kind of knowledge, of all forms of activity, and of every rightly ordered life. This service to a common humanity need not be direct or immediat; it may be very indirect, and discoverable only in its ultimate results; but at some point and in some way this service must be rendered. The philosorect, and discoverable only in its ultimate results; but at some point and in some way this service must be rendered. The philosophy, the religion, the action, the man or woman, in which or in whom this element of divine hopefulness is not found may be put aside as unworthy guides. The sci nea which should abstract itself entirely from which should abstract itself entirely from human life, if such a thing were possible, and work out some complete system which could not in any way enrich or strengthen men in the life they have to live, would not be worthy the pursuit of any thoughtful

man.

It is not necessary in order that one may employ this quality of helpfulness that one should be all the time in personal contact with the needs and weaknesses of others, or that one sliould give himself up to a specific charitable work or mission. Some of the noblest souls who have ever lived have, by the vary necessities of the neck the lived have, by noblest souls who have ever lived have, by the very necessities of the work the hard hard here had been some as the off from immediate contact with the daily wants of their fellows. But the result of their labors has be no to expand the thoughts of men about their own lives that they have immensely enriched and ennobled those lives, and so, at a long range, they have been illustrious helpers of their fellows. The essential thing is that one should conceive of his work in this spirit; that one should feel that no kind of work or knowledge or that no kind of work or knowledge or culture is an end in itself; but that the ultimate object of it all is to make the world sweeter, and the men who live in it better. The student who devotes all his years to the denial, his untiring patience, becomes a liv-ing example of the noblest qualities, may sometimes seem to those who do not under-stand his ends nor appreciate the quality of soul which he is putting into his work to be leading a selfish life. It is a common error which identifies unselfish service with acts whose beneficent result is immediately dewhose beneficent result is immediately de-tected. There are high and noble services which do not seem to touch individu-als at all, but which are rendered to humanity at large in the way of a general expansion of the knowledge and conception of life. To most men, however, this problem never presents itself in this form. Most of us must choose to render form. Most of us must choose to render services to men who are direct and personal if we are to vender any, and no man ought to be content who does not feel that his life in its general result, no less than in its specific actions, is easing the burden and smoothing the way for others. A selfish life is not only irreligious—it is distinctly disreputable, a thing unworthy, and therefore inexcusable. No man of any conscientiousness can live comfortably in the world as he see; it today unless he is doing some. as he sees it today unless he is doing some-thing to better the general condition of things. A selfish life in the light of the world's needs at this end of the nineteenth century is essentially an ignoble and measurife.

A man may pass good muster as a philanthropist, who makes but a poor master to his servants or father to his children.—

Maurica.

If a man does not make new acquaintances as he advances in life, he will soon find him-self alone. A man should keep his friend-ship in constant repair.—Johnson.

One secret act of self-denial, one sacrifica of inclination to duty, is worth all the mere good thoughts, warm feelings, passionate prayers in which idle people indulge themselves.—J. H. Newman. WHISKY CAUSED HIS PALL.

WHISKY CAUSED HIS PALL.

Henry D. Gregg, son of the famous Rev.
Dr. Gregg, of Dublin, Ireland, whose discussions with Bishop Maguire about the Catholic Church during the past ten years gave him world-wide fame, was arrested at Kansas City, Mo., for stealing a horse and buggy.
He claims to be innocent. He was private secretary to General Philip H. Sheridan after he came to this country and was then transferred to the Adjutant-General's office in Washington as a clerk of the first-class, going there with Secretary of War Lincoln. going there with Secretary of War Lincoln. He remained in the place three years, when he was removed by Secretary Endicott. Next he held an important place on the United States revenue steamer Chester A

United States revenue steamer Chester A. Arthur.

He came West and was a reporter on several papers in Omaha. Having worked himself out in that line he drifted to Kansas City, where he fell in with a notorious horsethief, who asked him to take one Quinlan's horse and buggy through to Hiawatha, and if he got a good chance to sell it. Gregg drove the horse to Atchison, and tried to sell it for \$40, but failed. He then resumed his journey toward Hiawatha, but was caught and jailed. Whisky is responsible for his downfall. Gregg made several efforts while in Kansas City to secure work as an accountant in the railroad office, but failed. He had ant in the railroad office, but failed. He had

LAURA WOLFORD, the colored giantess died recently at Lafayette, Ind., after a short filness. Laura was the mother oseven children. She weighed 904½ pounds and measured three yards about the waist.

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON FOR SUNDAY SEPT. 1.

Subject "David and Goliath." I Sam xvii., 32-51-Golden Text: Rom. vill., 31- Commentary.]

After the spirit of the Lord came mightily upon David, as we learned in last week's lesson, the spirit of the Lord departed from Saul, and an evil spirit from the Lord troubled him (chap. xvi., 14); and that evil spirit is mentioned five times in the closing verses of the chapter, as well as in chaps. xviii., 10; xix., 2. Saul, having refused to obey God and follow Him, is simply left by God to the guidance of the one whom he preferred.

David, after his anointing, returned to the care of his father's sheep; Saul, having learned that he was a skillful player on the harp, sent for him that he might thus quiet him when troubled with the evil spirit, and so he became Saul's armor bearer, but seems to have at times returned to feed his father's sheep at Bethlehem (xvii., 15).

32. "And David said to Saul, Let no man's heart fail because of him." The armies of Israel and of the Philistines were in battle array upon two mountains facing each other, and between these later and the facts forter.

israei and of the Philastines were in pattle array upon two mountains facing each other, and between them lay a valley; for forty days, morning and evening. Goliath, the giant, the champion of the Philistines, stood gaut, the champion of the Prinistines, stood and cried for some man of Israel to come and fight with him, saying. If he kill me we will be your servants, and if I kill him you will be our servants. Thus he defled or reproached the armies of Israel, and inasmuch as he was a man over nine feet high, his coat of mall weighing over 150 pounds, and the head of his swear, about twenty pounds no man in a man over nine feet high, his coat of mail weighing over 150 pounds, and the head of his spear about twenty pounds, no man in Israel was willing to try battle with him. David had three brothers in the army, but among all the thousands of Israel there was no one, from the King down, who had faith enough in God to contend with this proud, defiant and wicked adversary. At this time David arrives in camp, bringing from home some food for his brethren and a present for the captain of their thousand, and, seeing how matters stood, expressed surprise that the armies of the living God should be defied by a man, and he an uncircumcised Philistine. He is brought before Saul and says to him the words of this verse.

33. "And Saul said to David, Thou art hot able." Saul, like all his soldiers, saw only with his natural eyes, and looking upon David's youth and apparent inexperience in matters of war, said: Thou art but a youth, while this Philistine is a man of war from his youth, and therefore thou art not able to go against him to fight with him. In Saul's eyes it was simply a question of man against was said as it was the part of all was part of the part of the

agains: him to light with him. In Sau's eyes it was simply a question of man against man, and so it seemed to be in the eyes of all Israel, and the God of Israel, the Lord God of Hosts, was not thought of, much less relied upon. How could a people whose history from their very beginning was so full of the mighty power of God on their behalf ever forget Him or fail to trust in Him?

24.38 "He hath defied the armies of the

forget Him or fail to trust in Him?

24-36. "He hath defied the armies of the
Living God." The Living God was to David
a far greater reality than this mass of defiant
and blaspheming flesh and blood. If David
was but a youth and unskilled in the art of
war, he knew the Living God and had personal dealings with Him.

37. "The Lord that delivered me, * * *
will deliver me." This sounds like the great
apostle to the Gentiles when he said: "I was
delivered out of the mouth of the lion; and
the Lord shall deliver me from every evil

delivered out of the mouth of the lion; and the Lord shall deliver me from every evil work, and will preserve me unto His heavenly kingdom." If Tim. iv., 17, 18. What simple confidence in God, what grand assurance; and yet so many Christians cannot get beyond "I hope it is well with me," "I trust I am a child of God."

am a child of God."

38, 39. "And David said, I cannot go with these; for I have not proved them." When Saul saw the grand confidence of David in the Living God, he said, "Go, and the Lordbe with thee;" then he armed David with his armor and David assayed to go, but he was glad to put it off, for he was not accustomed to rely upon such helps. "He had no average." to rely upon such helps. He had no armor but the presence of God when he slew the lion and the bear, and he would go now with

the same,
40. "And he drew near to the Philistine." 40. "And he drew near to the Philistine."
Putting off the armor which he had not proved, he took his staff, and with his sling in his hand, which he had proved, he chose five smooth stones out of the brook, and putting them into his shepherd's bag he went forth. We can only use in the service of God the truths which we have proved in our own daily life; what we have not eaten for our own benefit we cannot well give to others. The Bible brooks are full of stones, others. The Bible brooks are full of stones, each of which, told forth in the power of the Spirit, is capable of killing any giant of un-belief or fear or proud defiance. How many in your Bible have you already marked

tried and proved.
41-44. "When the Philistine looked about and saw David he disdained him." So the flesh always despises the Spirit, just as Ish-mael mocked Isaac, but the flesh shall be conquered and the Spirit will prevail.

Thou comest with sword, spear and 45. "Thou comest with sword, spear and shield; but I come in the name of the Lord of Hosts, the God of the armies of Israel, whom thou hast defied." Goliath represented simply himself and his own power and skill; but David thought nothing of himself; he represented the Lord of Hosts, the God of Israel, and the question was not what could David do, but what could he do in whose pame David want forth.

could David do, but what could he do in whose name David went forth.

46. "That all the earth may know that there is a God in Israel." David says what God will do, and that through him as the instrument, but the object will be to honor God and not David. Had there been in David's heart any design for his corn fame be David's heart any desire for his own fame he could not have gone forward so confidently.

47. "All this assembly shall know that the

Lord saveth not with sword and spen; for the battle is the Lord's and He will give you into our hands." See how David is nothing and God is everything; it is Paul's cry, "Not L, but Christ." "Not I, but the Grace of God"

and God is everything; it is Paul's cry, "Not I, but Christ;" "Not I, but the Grace of God" (Gal. ii., 20; Cor. xv., 10).

48, 49. "David hasted, and ran toward the army to meet the Philistine." What a moment of intensest interest it is as David now runs to meet his enemy, and as he does so sends with deadly aim, and more than human power, a stone from his well tried sling. In an instant the giant falls upon his face to the earth, the stone having sunk into his forehead. Where is now his strength or the power of his gods in whose name he had cursed David? Hs has ceased to reproach the God of Israel, his tongue is silent in death. God could have done it as easily without David's help, but He chose thus to honor His servant who delighted to honor Him.

50. "So David prevailed over the Philistine with a sling and with a stone." The

tine with a sling and with a stone." The giant's great stature, helmst of brass, coat of mail, greaves, and spear and sword were in a moment rendered worthless by the God directed stone from the shepherd's sling, "Cursed be the man that trusteth in man, and maketh flesh his arm, and whose heart departeth from the Lord." "All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field; but the word of our God shall stand forever."

51. "David ran, and stood upon the Philistine, and took his sword (the giant's), * * * and cut off his head therewith." Thus the great defier of God lost his head by his own sword. defler of God lost his head by his own sword. Death seems to be Satan's mightiest weapon, but our David has through death destroyed num that had the power of death, that is the devil (Heb. ii., 14); thus slaying him with his own weapon; and although he is still a roaring lion going about seeking whom he may devour, he is a conquered lion; and the God of-Peace will most effectually and forever bruise him under our feet shortly. As faithful followers of the Lord Jesus Christ let us seek to become skillful in the use of the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God, that with it we may effectually slay and give no with it we may effectually slay and give no quarter to the giants of pride, self will, love of praise, slauder, backbiting, envy, and all the others who under their leader are constantly attacking us, and whom we too often allow to overcome us and thus bring repreach on the name of the only Living and True God.-Lesson Helper.

THE LITTLE FOLKS.

Johnny Jump-up.

Who wakes earliest in the morn? Sure you'll think it is the lark, Who, before the daylight's born, Rises singing through the dark.

But though sweet the lark may carol, Early to his mate may call, Johnny Jump-up, Johnny Jump-up, Carols loud before them all.

Who wakes latest in 'he night When the sun is gone to led; When each tiny blossem bright Nods in sleep its pretty head?

Other babies all are sleeping.
Mother's cyclids droop and fall.
But Johnny Jump-up, Johnny Jur
Waketh later (an them all,

Johnny's eyes are very lovely. Johnny's eyes are very lovery,
Johnny's eyes are very love;
But one hardly cares to see them
Enap and dance the whole night through

Johnny's laugh is clear and ringing, Tinkling like a silver bell;
But a child should not be ringing
Morning, noon, and night as well.

Johnny Jump-np, Johnny Jump-up, Rules us with his tiny hand. Lord and master, king and kaiser, In the realm of Narseryland.

Take your pleasure without mormus Laugh and crow, and whom and call!
Johnny Jump-up, Johnny Jump-up,
We're your faithful servants all!
-Laura E. Richards.

In School.

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"Are you doing your best at school

Elsie?" asked her mother.
"Well. I don't believe I exactly am mamma," said the girl, half laughing, half soberly. "You see, there are so many girls there."

"Yes; but they all go there to study, don't they?" "I-suppose so," said Elsie, slowly

as if there might be some doubt in the matter. "But Lulu Grant and Annie Hill do so many funny thirgs behind their desks, I can't help laughing when I see them."

"But if you were busy with you studies, you would not see them. "No, but I like to look. And then, sometimes, we have to write notes to each other about going to the woods, or going to see each other after school. And sometimes we pass round candy, when the teacher isn't looking, and

eat it.' "Can't that all be done out of school?"

"Yes, of course, mamma; but all the girls do it.

"Are you sure of that?"
"Well, I mean almost all. Hattie
Grey never does. She and Mary Hen derson and a few of the other girl study away just as if they were big girls. I threw a bit of candy at Hat tie the other day, but she wouldn't raise her head, and it rolled out of her lap and fell on the floor. Miss Roy saw it, and she asked about it and gave me a bad mark."

"I wish you were more like Hattie, my daughter."

"Oh, mamma, I'm going to study hard when I am older."

"If you do not begin forming habits

of faithful industry while you are a child, you may be very sure they will never come to you when you are older." "Well, mamma," said Elsie, fret-fully, "I'm sure I should do better if you would send me to Miss Carr's school. She always gives prizes, and the girls there study like everything to

try to get them." "I am sending you to what I think the best place for you, Elsie," said her mother, soberly. "You are sent there to learn what will be of use to you for your whole life. If you do well what you are expected to do, you will grow into a wise woman, able to do whatever duties the Lord may send you But if you spend the best part of your life in trifling you will be worth very little. Tell me, dear, do you think that some small prize, or even the gratification of winning it, would be equal to the pleasure you ought to take in feeling that you are doing your best, that you are pleasing God and your father and

"No, mamma, I really don't," said Elsie, kissing her, "and I'm going to try to do better."
She really did mean it, and for a day

mother?

or two kept her eyes resolutely on her book, in spite of notes thrown by Lulu Grant and a tempting bunch of grapes held up by Annie Hill. But she found, as so many of us do, that a bad habit once formed is not easily rooted out. and the foolish little lassie quieted her conscience by saying to herself;

"It is almost the end of this term. Next term I'm going to begin right and keen it un."

Do you think she ever asked herself if duty ever belongs to one time more than to another?

"I see some visitors going into the recitation-room," said Lulu, hastening into the entry just as the first bell rang for the afternoon session. me, I'm glad I don't have to recite the first thing. Don't keep me, girls; I want to study my geography."

"Oh, I have to recite history the

first thing!" exclaimed Elsie, in great dismay.
"And so have I," said Annie.

"And I haven't looked at mine," said "Where is my book? Oh-I took it home last night and forgot it

Annie bad flung down her history in comical despair. Elsie seized it and began studying it with all her might. Annie came to look over with her, and as the second bell rang they went to their desks striving in the few moments before the class-bell rang to glance over the neglected lesson. Elsie was fond of history and was familiar with the incident which formed the principal part of the lesson. "If nobody was to be there I know I could get through it after a fashion," she whispered to Annie, "but it always upsets me to recite before strangers.

It was not strangers who were to listen to her recitation. That would have been bad enough, but how infinitely worse to find herself, with her anprepared lesson, face to face with her mother and some one else-Aunt Laura, who had come for a few days' visit, who had always taken such pleasant interest in all her school affairs, who had even suggested that she might send her own little daughter to stay with Elsie and go to school with her, a most delightful thing to think of, as Elsie had no sister of her own. How despairingly she tried to recall the

words at which he had taken such a hasty glance. She was able to give a blundering account of the hero who figured in the lesson, but names and dates entirely escaped her. She stammered and hesitated in shame and confusion, her eyes sinking before the loving ones which gazed upon her. could feel all the surprise and disappointment which she knew they must express. The questions passed on to Mary and Hattie, at whom she had often laughed for being "plodders," and Elsie thought she would have given anything she owned to be able to recite as they did, promptly and clear-ly, with the confidence which always comes of diligent, conscientious study.

"I don't believe you'll ever want to visit my school again, Aunt Laura," said Elsie, coming to her in the evening with tears in her eyes. "No, I know you never will. If I could only known you were coming, you would have seen what a good lesson I should have had."

"I wanted to see you just as you are, Elsie; not as when you prepare for

"And you saw me," said Elsie, mournfully, "a careless, idle little girl. And you'll never forget it of me. no matter if I turn right around and do my very best after this. And you'll never, never let Cousin Helen come

to go to school with me now."

"Why, my dear little girl," said Aunt Laura, putting a very tender arm around the little ponitent, "do you think I never do wrong myself, never need to repent and seek forgiveness, that I should be so hard as that on you?

"Oh, Aunt Laura," said Elsie, very earnestly, "I'm going to turn over a new leaf, as mamma says, really and truly. I'm going to show you and mamma how hard I am going to try to do right-I mean just because it is right. And if I do, perhaps in another year you'll let Cousin Helen come?"

"Elsie," said her aunt, with a smile. if I should tell you I had so much faith in your promise that I would let Helen come next term, what would you

"Oh-that you are the dearest Aunt Laura in the world, and that it would make me try a great deal harder than if you punished me by not letting her

I think Aunt Laura's way was a good way, don't you?-Sydney Dayre. in the Interior.

Youngest Convict on Record.

Signville Combs, probably the youngest convict in any prison in the United States, has served the first year of a life sentence. When sent up from Breathitt County, Ky., last July he was cieven years old, and small for the age. Prison ife has toughened him, both morally and physically. He killed his two-year-old ster in a brutal manner. The two were in the house together alone. When the little tot started to crawl across the floor



SENVILLE COMBS.

the poy picked up a stove-lid and mashed her skull with it. He then threw the body in the fireplace, intending to burn it. This process of cremation was too slow and he pulled it out and carried it to a small stream near the house, throwing it in. When the little one's body was found Sinnville admitted killing her. He was arrested and tried. On the stand, when asked why he had committed the crime, he stated that his stenfather had told him to do it and had promised him a new pair of boots. There was no other evidence against the stepfather, and as the boy was a confessed murderer his testimony could not have weight. Many efforts have been made to have the Governor pardon him, but thus far he has failed to act. When first sent up young Combs had never heard of God, knew nothing of heaven or hell and had never seen a school house. He can now read and write and talks like a very bright, intelligent boy. He does not seem to care for his imprisonment. Chicago Herald.

A Love of Gossip.

If you, a mother, wish to cultivate a gossiping, meddling, censorious spirit in your children, be sure, when they come home from church, a visit, or any place where you do not accompany them, to ask them questions concerning what everybody wore, how everybody looked, and what everybody said and did; and, if you find anything in all this to censure, always do it in their hearing. You may rest assured. if you pursue a course of this kind. they will not return to you unladen with intelligence; and, rather than it should be uninteresting, they will by degrees learn to embellish in such a manner as shall not fail to call forth remarks and expressions of wonder from you. Thus you will finally be surrounded by gossips wedded as fond-ly to their craft as the celebrated group in "School for Scandal."

An Oregon girl wrote to Anna Dickinson once, asking "How to get a husband?" and Anna replied, By the hair.